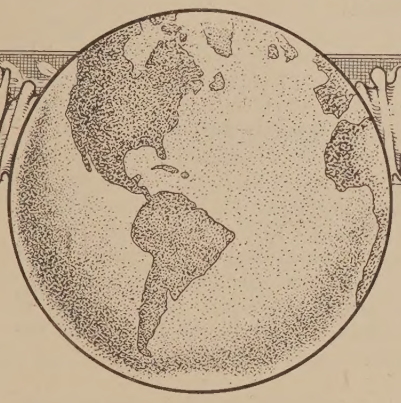
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago



December 10, 1921

Love Is the Key

Love is the key of life and death,
  Of hidden, heavenly mystery;
Of all Christ is, of all he saith,
  Love is the key.

As three times to his saint he saith,
  He saith to me, he saith to thee,
Breathing his grace-conferring breath:
  "Lovest thou me?"

Ah, Lord, I have such feeble faith,
  Such feeble hope to comfort me;
But love it is as strong as death,
  And I love thee.

Christina Rossetti.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Mugwump

The American who neither votes nor concerns himself for civic honesty is an alien in his own land, even though his line runs back to the Pilgrims. (*The Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

The path to disarmament, they used to tell us, would be blocked by the makers of munitions. Yet we now hear the Gunpowder King of America declaring that the war business of Du Pont's does not pay. "I am at the head of the largest war materials manufacturing works in the world, but," said Charles M. Schwab, "gladly would I see the war-making machinery of the Bethlehem Steel Company sunk to the bottom of the ocean, if the burden of armaments could be lifted from the nations." (*Literary Digest.*)

υ λ

It is no longer enough for the man who toils merely to exist, merely to be able to meet fluctuations in the cost of living. Once again I am drawing upon the President for the most forcible statement of this when he said, "The workman's lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his house a home; enough to insure that the struggle for existence shall not crowd out the things that are worth existing for." The time has come, I feel certain, when we have got to consider the inevitable demand for something better than this. The day is at hand when we have got to forget the living wage and base our calculations upon the *saving* wage. (*Secretary of Labor James J. Davis.*)

υ λ

The Guild Socialists of England, long before the present crisis came about, had fixed their eyes on unemployment as the key problem of industry. They made the demand that every worker should be guaranteed, from the fruits of the industry in which he works, continued maintenance, and that this maintenance of the whole body of workers should be first charge upon the industry, taking precedence of all claims to profit and met by setting aside the surplus of good years to meet the needs which arise in times of depression. (*The Freeman.*)

υ λ

I look with amazement upon the ignorance of Americans in general with respect to Russia. We are shadowy in regard to her people, her customs, institutions, ideals and history. Such is not the case with our attitude toward historical England, France, Germany, Italy, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, or Poland, or, thanks to missionaries, toward China, Japan, India or Armenia. But of Russia we know little. (*John Ralph Voris, in the Christian Century.*

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It will receive annuity funds paying interest to the donor for life.

THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Not to have spoken at all is better than to have spoken ill.

* *

Big things are not accomplished by those who ask for little things.

* *

A cow may give good butter, but only with the help of a churn.

* *

Yes, the diamond has a flaw, but it is worth more than a piece of glass.

* *

A single person in the pew makes a large congregation if there be enough of him.

* *

He is a wise man who, when he can not do what he would, would do what he can.

* *

We hope children will be more welcome in heaven than in the modern apartment.

* *

Just a few persistent humans armed with "buts" can stop the progress of angels.

* *

A bunch of grapes in the hand is worth a basketful in the stall at the market price.

* *

It was a beautiful book, splendidly bound, perfectly typed, but not worth reading.

* *

The degree of D. D. does not make, but only marks, the great preacher, and not always that!

* *

The poet is greater than the historian because he can tell the truth without being hampered by facts.

* *

Think not of a universal law governing youth, for all youths are different in nature and circumstance.

* *

The man with a jumping toothache hastens him to the dentist. Even so do some men go to church!

* *

Do You Belong?

Last week we tried to tell what the phrase "The *Leader* Family" means and what increasingly we hope it will mean in the years to come. That others are finding the same meaning in it is proved by two letters that have just come to the office. One announces that a life-long Universalist, too far away to have any direct touch with a church, had made the Publishing House her family, to take whatever she leaves and use it to carry on the work in which she has so long been interested. The other, also from a member of the family far removed, proposes to use the Liberty bond her husband left her, to endow subscriptions, asking that some ministers who do not feel able to subscribe for themselves may be cared for. Truly it is a growing family!

Who Next?

The minister of the Melrose, Mass., church was at the great banquet in Detroit and pledged two hundred dollars from the Melrose Chapter of the Universalist Comrades, for the Washington Memorial Church. A short time ago, President Ralph W. E. Hunt of the Comrades told the Melrose Chapter what the organization means, speaking especially of the boys club in Japan and the church at Washington. Somebody remembered the Detroit pledge of two hundred dollars and in five minutes the men present pledged six hundred, and, from the letters coming to this office, we believe our men everywhere are like the men at Melrose—just waiting for an opportunity to do their part.

* *

OUR WORLD MISSION

INCREASINGLY our people are coming to realize that our work in Japan is not simply our mission in the world, but a symbol of our world mission. Recently, one of the finest laymen in our Church asked to be put on a committee to help build the boys' home in Japan, because he had learned that the new militarism had sapped the old religious life of Japan, and he believed we should give most to those who have least. Need of our faith, as this layman and many others realize, is the basis of our work.

When the Illinois Convention, with enthusiastic unanimity, recently voted to assume Mr. Kawabata's entire salary, it was because they believed he has much to give to his fellow countrymen, not because he could make so many "converts." Universalism

is itself the supreme motive for world missions, and Universalists everywhere are splendidly realizing it.

* *

A SHAMEFUL RECORD

THERE are honest differences of opinion among men equally patriotic and equally generous as to what we ought to do for the great body of ex-service men. There can be no honest difference of opinion as to our obligation to do all in our power to rehabilitate the victims of shell-shock and wounds and disease, so far as lies in our power.

Yet evidence constantly accumulates to prove that our government is not only neglecting them, but allowing them to be exploited by private greed. The appropriations for 1921-22 to carry on rehabilitation work aggregate $160,000,000 and some departments and bureaus are said to have already exceeded their appropriations. In three years over 400,000 men have applied for training, 269,000 have been approved, but only 89,000 have received any training and less than 6,000 graduated fully trained for self-support. Moreover, government offlcials themselves are alleging that in many cases so-called educational institutions are taking the money but giving no real education in return. This is not only a national dishonor, it is a personal disgrace for each of us who promised support to these boys when they went, and forget that promise now. Find out the facts about the boys in your community, and then do something about it, and do it now.

* *

THE PASSING OF FORMER THINGS

WASHINGTON, D. C., is to be treated with a new type of unionism. Presbyterians, Catholics and Jews are uniting to raise $125,000 for a community church at Chevy Chase. A Woman's Club, at Keystone, Nebraska (a town of 200 population), some time ago built a church in which Presbyterians, Lutherans and Catholics (the last named under special dispensation) are regularly worshiping—perhaps the first instance in the world where Protestants and Catholics are regularly worshiping in the same church. A priest comes from a near-by town on a Saturday, once a month, to a church arranged with an altar at one end and a pulpit at the other, and reversible seats. The Presbyterians and Lutherans worship on alternate Sundays. Co-operation between denominations in a small rural town is thus solved. The Methodists are planning to divide the whole nation into parishes, changing their system from circuit to center, something on the style of the township high school idea. They have appropriated nine million dollars to this task and expect to place at each center a man trained to administer the church from a community standpoint.

Do these statements sound like fairy tales? We are not in a position to vouch for them. But we are reporting them as they lie on the editor's desk, published in usually reliable religious priodicals as facts. If not facts as yet, they might well be, for the community spirit is laying hold on the hearts of men and there are many former things that are actually passing in this our day and generation.

While some leaders are discussing how to make churches fit together, others are busy making the organization fit its own environment. The former are as yet more numerous and far more ponderous in their movements. But while these deliberate on church unity the people of many communities are taking the matter of Christian unity in their own hands and finding the solution wonderfully simple because it is beautifully Christian. Wherever Christ is more important than creed or overhead affiliations there is little trouble. If leaders attempt to be bosses they will but hasten their own dethronement. The chariots of the autocrats are ever behind those who travel to emancipation—but they are behind and the "watery walls" roll down upon them while, even though the freemen may not always go over entirely dry shod, they go over just the same.

The inevitable religion of to-morrow does not halt at the boundaries of any sectarian revelation or inclination. It is of "all men" as children of the universal Father. The emphasis on common things rather than on divergent points, which characterizes the community idea in religion, whether in one building used harmoniously by both Protestants and Catholics—as in the case of the church with a club behind it—or in raising funds for an edifice in the erection of which Jews, Protestants and Catholics participate, or in one denomination adjusting its organization to establish a common center, must necessarily tend to a universal viewpoint concerning religious fundamentals. They who serve in the spirit of the whole are not distant from the kingdom, come upon the earth, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

* *

PIECE-WORK AND UNEMPLOYMENT

WE are now being made to realize more and more as winter approaches what it means for many people to be without work and therefore minus the pay-envelope. There are so many opinions offered, giving causes of and remedies for unemployment, that we hesitate to offer any advice. Yet it seems to us that there is a good field for intelligent study in the relation of the piece-work system to unemployment.

Ministers receive an annual salary. Their wages are no more during the busy weeks from Christmas to Easter than they are during the remainder of the year. Offerings and contributions are larger during the winter than in the summer, yet the checks for the ministers' salaries do not vary with the seasons.

In factories, laborers are largely paid by the piece. Rush-business means fat pay envelopes. Dull business means lean envelopes. An unmarried man is able to board a train when work is dull in his community and go where business is booming. A married man can not move so easily. All he is able to do is to remain at home, hoping against hope.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea for the employer and a committee representing his employees to get together and make out a pay-roll on a year's basis? Then when business is booming there would be employment and wages; when business is dull there would be unemployment—*and wages still.*

Anyway there is food for thought in this subject.

"Shall the Sword Devour Forever?"

The Rev. Edward A. Lewis

THAT the powers of kings and diplomats in times gone by were practically unlimited in the matter of controlling policies which affected the destinies of peoples is, no doubt, accepted by every one as an indisputable fact. The czar had but to issue his ukase, the king his edict the emperor his decree, and the people, though it might be with reluctance, servilely obeyed.

The old autocracy has now vanished. Monarchs such as we find described in the pages of history no longer hold in their hands the reins of government. But although time has witnessed momentous changes and thrones have tottered and kingdoms fallen, the new day of Democracy is only at the dawn. The old autocracy has vanished, but in the twilight of the dawn there has been formed a new autocracy which, while it wears not the robes and crown of the king, still rules the people with a scepter not unlike that of old.

To talk about liberty and freedom and democracy in political speeches is one thing, and actually to have these things in a nation's life is another. The policies of our country, like those of other countries, are not the expressions of the inner desires of its citizens. The more I read about international affairs the more strongly I become convinced that it is the eternal quest for commercial supremacy and the opportunity to exploit the more backward peoples that moulds the foreign policies of every large nation to-day. It is the comparatively few men back of these schemes, and not the people, that determine the course of the "ship of state." These men form the modern autocracy that holds sway over the people of the world. By them we are taught envy and hatred; at their behest we rush at each others' throats.

But by nature we are not such brutes. We, the people, want to live together on this planet peacefully, and yet from time to time an influence is brought to bear upon us—an influence which we seem powerless to resist—causing us to feel that the good of all is sometimes better served by war than by peace.

When Henry A. Jones recently took G. B. Shaw to task for suggesting the possibility of war between England and the United States, John Haynes Holmes made the following editorial comment in *Unity:*

> "Henry Arthur Jones, or any other Englishman, who imagines that 'under no conceivable circumstances could (Englishmen) be persuaded . . to load a single bullet against America' is either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the known facts of war psychology, and the methods used by modern governments to manipulate that psychology. America could be thrown into war in a week; and the citizens of the two countries, if given the word from Washington and London, would fight one another as patriotically as they fought Germany. And on neither side would one single man want war, or want to fight! That's the irony of the situation as it exists to-day!"

We hear more about war with Japan than we do about war with England. What might cause such a war? It will not be the Californian question. It will not be because of the inherent incompatibility between the white and the yellow races—there is no inherent incompatibility between any of the races of mankind. The war will be caused by economic reasons. Japan and the United States will both seek to exploit China or Siberia, then like greedy wolves they will fight with each other over the prey.

But the people of Japan will not enlist in the war for this reason. They will be told that they must fight to save their national ideals, to defend their country, their homes, and their sacred honor. And the citizens of the United States will take up arms and march again to battle, but it will be for freedom, for democracy, and to end war, as it was before! Men will not fight for temporal wealth or to gain unjust advantages over a weaker people—when they know it! But those who sit in the seats of power are not ignorant of this fact, and they will bury deep the real issues of the war while they rally the innocent youth of the nation with cries of "patriotism, democracy, and honor"—as they did before.

Will the day ever come when men will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks and dwell together in peace and unity? The question is variously answered. President Harding, in a recent address, answered it in the negative. Concerning disarmament he said it could only be partial, and went on to say, "Armed forces will always be necessary."

Arthur Brisbane, commenting on this statement of the President, reminds his readers that "always" is a long word. "Some day," he says, "decent nations, like decent citizens, will go unarmed, relying on international courts and police."

Senator Borah of Idaho believes that armaments are one of the greatest obstacles in the path of permanent peace among nations. And he believes that the greatest obstacle to disarmament "is one which we will not admit exists, and that is the reliance which we have come to have on force as the only power left on earth with which to govern men." In an article in "The Nation's Business," this noted statesman says: "To sit at conference with your finger pointing back over your shoulder to your armies and navies, and to announce to the world that force is your ultimate reliance, is barbaric."

My own answer to the question as to when the day of peace will dawn is this: It will dawn only when men, in the words of Paul, "pray for those in authority." But I would not be misunderstood. By "pray" I mean no mere verbal petition to some vague and far away deity.

We must pray that those in authority will be touched and moved in all their deliberations by wisdom and the spirit of justice. But we must not merely form the words upon our lips at our bedsides and before the altars of our churches. We must make these men who are supposed to represent us at the Conference understand that we are earnest and sincere in our demand for conditions that will make peace secure. We must use every possible means of crystallizing

public opinion so that it will reach the men who sit around the table at the Conference in a form that will be appealing and effective.

Our prayer for those in authority must take the form of a clearly expressed public demand that they cease to continue the policies of unrighteous secret diplomacy by means of which arrangements are made for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. Our prayer must be expressed in terms of a stern demand for the scrapping of the machinery of wholesale murder; and a demand for a new international code, which shall outlaw war as crime, just as murder in our civic life is outlawed as crime.

Poets throughout the ages have sung of the coming day when war should be no more. They have told us that the angelic prophecy of "peace on earth, good will among men," would some day be fulfilled. They have been right. War *must* cease. It has come to the place now where men must choose between peace and the destruction of civilization. When men realize this they will not make the fatal error of refusing peace. Yet progress towards the high ideal is disconcertingly slow.

The poets and the prophets must not lose heart, for it is they who are to lead the people to the realization of the ideal. For this reason, to every man and woman who has felt the thrill of eager expectation for the dawn of the day of universal and permanent peace, I would say: "Lose not heart; dream thy dream, sing thy sweet song, reveal thy vision to the world. Keep the light burning, raise aloft the ideal—at length it will draw all men unto itself."

The Christian, if he is to be true to his Master, must hold an unfaltering faith. He must live and act and speak as though a warless world were possible; he must devote himself whole-heartedly to the cause of peace, and, in season and out of season, work for this high end. To all such I would say what Thomas Curtis Clark says to the poet:

> "Poet, lose not heart.
> What though men nurse the wrong,
> And scorn thy loving song?
> What though the nations hate?
> What though war devastate?
> Earth yet shall learn thy art.
> Poet, sing!"

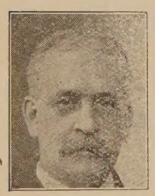
So now, with warriors gathering again at the conference table to talk of peace—Poet sing! So now, in spite of the disconcerting words of the man who himself called the Conference to assemble—Poet sing! Even with our own representatives talking about striving to settle international disputes while armies and navies stand close by to lend strength to the arguments of nationalistic leaders—even so, Poet sing! Sing to the world that the righteous nation need not rely upon the arbitrament of arms. Sing to the world that where there are no arms there are no tears. Sing to the world that humanity will some day become humane, and

> "Nation with nation, land with land,
> Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
> In every heart and brain shall throb
> The pulse of one fraternity."

Poet, sing! Yes, and let every Christian swell the chorus until the wall of greedy nationalistic policies now breeding war, unable to withstand the awful vibrations of the mighty sound, crumble and fall; and the sword shall devour no more and the battle-flags shall be furled forever.

Kent, Ohio.

Editorial Correspondence



WAY up in a shadowy corner of my porch an enterprising spider has built his house. Now I do not like spiders. There is nothing cozy and caressable about them; they seem sometime in past ages to have escaped from an antediluvian aquarium where all sorts of queer things mark the beginnings of life. How they ever became terrestrial I do not know. Their feet are not adapted to modern pavements, and so they string aerial wires here and there and everywhere. over which they scoot or shoot or glide with uncanny swiftness, putting to shame Mlle. Blondena the tight rope walker! I do not like spiders as a class, but this fellow interests me. He has some claims to beauty; his coloring is rather bizarre and his frequent legs make an appropriate fringe about his corpulent body. But real art is displayed in his motions. He sits up there snugly ensconced in his circular homestead, peeking over the edge, whence his radiating wires spread in every direction, and all electrified. When a small insect touches one of them, it matters not where, the flash of lightning is not quicker than the dash of that spider with his sharp pointed toes, over the delicate film, to where he seizes his victim and ties it up more intricately than a theological argument can paralyze an average human when he is sleepy, and then by a series of tackle and pulley arrangement the spider from his own front porch gradually lifts his victim up and deposits him in the refrigerator. That is all artistic and greatly to be admired, but still I do not like him, but just recognize him as an exponent of Kaiser Wilhelm's code, that might is right. Another phase is developed as I watch the beastie. After dinner he goes out on what should be his front lawn to enjoy his siesta, and just then the maid comes along and with her broom stirs up a cyclone of disaster. Here is something altogether too big for the spider's experience, and he flees in frantic haste to the top of the pillar and plunges into his home, where he immediately turns and sticks his head out, and with sparkling eyes and defiant manner seems to proclaim, "Now what are you going to do about it? This is my home," and there confidence is restored, and yet had the maid seen the home nest up there, it would have shared in the general destruction.

Now there is a great deal of human nature in spiders as well as some spider nature in some humans. The homing instinct holds true all the way up or down from the human to the oyster. Watch the little boy with a hurt finger, how he sprints for home. Watch the big man with a ridiculous cup he has won in golf;

he cuts the air to show the kiddies what a big man he is. Watch the man with a bit of indigestion; hospitals are nothing to him, he wants home. Watch the returned traveler, who has been around the world and has trunks filled with gay raiment besides that which he wears; he dashes into the house and throws aside his gaudy apparel, catches his old coat from the closet and his old hat from the hook and throws himself into the big rocker on the back porch, and, if his wife is not looking, puts his feet upon the rail, singing to himself, "This is the life."

All of which means that from any experience, from fear to felicity, the "coming back" is the thing that counts; the joy of going is the coming home. And it does not make any material difference whether the home is a mansion of marble or a hole in the wall which the spider has lined with a film of his own spinning. There, in wise adjustment of ourselves, rather than rearrangement of things, is found safety and peace and happiness.

I have been away from this fair country that borders on the Bay Biscayne; I have been among the finest people and the best friends; I have had scenery of all sorts and kinds served to me; I have had climate, fifty-seven varieties to caress me within a week; I have felt the surge of Yankee enterprise challenge me, and, while once I sniffed the battle with the joy of the war horse, I have come to the place when occasionally I am willing to sit on the fence and look on while the other fellows do the fighting.

I think one naturally becomes meditative rather than militant, and a fellow has something else to do than meditate when the snow is three feet deep and the mercury is taking a bath in the bulb.

And so I have come back to the most beautiful city by the sea; and here are friends, and here is scenery and here is climate, one hundred and fifty-seven varieties, but all so nearly alike they are not to be distinguished, and here the challenge of opportunity and here three hundred and sixty-five days every year in which to grow and eat the fruit of our growing. Here is a beautiful place to live, and a beautiful place to die if one wants to, but all the encouragement here is towards living. There are those who seriously think, what is the use, when heaven will simply be a reproduction of Miami? Which leads me to say that Miami is pretty hot sometimes, in spite of the tale the thermometer tells.

However, I want nothing better for myself while in the flesh, and therefore I have come back to find the home spirit in the hearts of people, and the flowers are beckoning me, the birds are calling me, the waters of the bay are luring me, and even that spider upon the post has caught me in his web and will presently devour me!

Some day I must tell the story of our coming South, for getting to a place is quite as enjoyable as being there, even if you come in a small steamer. But just now we are too impressed with being here and facing the problems of our young church. I have noted the changes in a congregation in an old established church within a very short time, even a year, but I do not think I ever knew anything quite so fluid as we get here, where we are growing so fast no one can keep count, and at the same time some are going away. However, here we are with all our original members, but very few visitors, and yet we counted twice as many as at the opening last year, which seems to indicate that there will be something doing, and I must do my part, so good-by for the present.

F. A. B.

A Story of Quakers at a Universalist Task

The Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., D. D.

DR. HILDA CLARK, a granddaughter of the late John Bright of England, and Miss Edith N. Pye, both members of the Society of English Friends, have been in the United States for a visit of a month to urge help for Austria and particularly for the children of Vienna.

I know these two ladies intimately. I saw their work in France during the war, and I have heard them describe their experiences in Vienna since the armistice. Abler, kinder, better workers do not exist. The Quakers in both Russia and Austria are battling heroically with a mass of human misery inconceivable to us here at home. We have heard the cry of desperation so often that we are getting hardened. Every winter we have made appeals and said, "We believe that if they get through one winter more, they can take care of themselves." That is true of many countries. It is not true of this work in Vienna. The fundamental trouble is not that there is no food ready to be shipped in. There is plenty of food to send, but they can not possibly pay for it because of the exchange. Food values have to be reckoned in dollars, for it is coming from here. A single dollar now costs over six thousand kronen. Put it this way: What two cents of our money would buy in Austria in 1914, it took $10 to pay for in January, 1921. But in October, 1921, it took $24 and now, the day before Thanksgiving Day, 1921, it takes over $48. If the price of a two cent stamp had jumped up from 2 cents to $48 since the war began, a $6 Thanksgiving turkey (a rather small one this year, would cost $14,400. What if these figures are exaggerated, and it is only half as bad or a quarter or a one-hundredth part as bad as represented—who could eat turkey, or who could eat much of anything, over in Vienna?

Between Sept. 21 and Oct. 31, 1921, while we were out in Detroit feasting lavishly in the Statler Cafeteria for fifty to sixty cents a meal, food jumped in Vienna in the ratio of from $10 to $17. Since we came back from Detroit, it has doubled again.

The higher officials of Austria get salaries worth $35 a year. The clerks are paid kronen worth $15 a year. University professors get $36 a year with $9 extra for a wife. High school professors get $15 a year,

which is raised to $36 a year when they have served twenty years. There will be no such increases unless we change things.

Young children of from two to six years are under weight on an average of from two to eleven and one-half pounds.

On Nov. 4 this cable came through from Vienna: "Sixty welfare doctors meeting yesterday Singerstrasse anticipate fearful winter probably worse than 1919. Clothing need middle and working classes appalling. Increased relief imperative. Austrian money below Polish. Urge Friends plead economic help Washington."

On Nov. 14, came this: "Dollar over six thousand kronen. All government subsidies being removed. Result prices rising enormously and continuously. Black bread thirty-four kronen to three hundred. Canned milk already six hundred. Essential food stuffs for children almost prohibitive. Severe snow fall. Desperate need clothing, bedding, fuel."

The American Friends Service Committee at 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., which has been doing such noble work in Austria and Germany, has been suddenly projected into a terrible Russian situation also.

Dr. Clark and Miss Pye, these English Friends, feel they must stay and concentrate on Vienna.

They have not been collecting money in Washington, but people like the Princess Bibesco, Mrs. Asquith's charming daughter, and the Quakers, have been raising the little they could. We are giving our Thanksgiving Day collection from the union service with the Unitarian Church. Dr. Clark and Miss Pye are sailing on the Adriatic Nov. 30, going as quickly as possible back to Vienna.

I will be a self-appointed agent of the Friends, both American and English, in our denomination and will forward contributions if it will be a convenience to any of our people. And I urge our people to help.

But if we all will lift up our voices in favor of canceling the foreign war debts, it will bring exchange down and do more to save life than anything else possibly can. The reasons for the action are many:

It will put money in our pockets in trade with a prosperous world. (I hate to say this. It sounds so selfish.)

It will put tottering nations on their feet.

It will enable us to win out against world famine and pestilence.

It will save children as sweet and promising as your children, from agony unspeakable.

And, after all, it will let us do a little more toward a full share in the burden and hardship of the war.

The whole foreign debt is a pitiably small contribution compared to the fields and cities which France and Flanders offered up, and nothing at all compared to the millions of British boys and French boys who died for us, in a common project.

But canceled now, these dollars would be translated into terms of life saved in other countries over there.

George Washington warned us against "entangling alliances" (not all alliances), but he also in his first Thanksgiving Day proclamation asked us to pray God "to impart all the blessings we possess or ask for ourselves to the whole family of mankind."

1417 *Massachusetts Avenue, N. W.,*
Washington, D. C.

Some Thoughts About the Conference at Washington

Florence I. Adams

LIKE Mr. Balfour, "I count myself among the fortunate of the earth," in that I had the privilege of being present at one of the public meetings of the Conference on the Limitation of Armament. On the day of the opening meeting, my cousin and I thought ourselves fortunate just to be in Washington, so we could stand on the sidewalk with the crowd and see the President and the other dignitaries as they entered the building. Just to look on from the outside as such a history-making gathering assembled seemed wonderful, and so when through the kindness of a friend we received tickets to the second meeting we rejoiced greatly.

I did not spend as much time as I would have liked to in looking at the beautiful hall and the flags which decorated it, I was so interested in the men around the tables. Not the least interesting of these was the man who sat at a small table in the center and, at the end of each speech, promptly rose and rapidly repeated it in fluent French or English. This was no mechanical performance. He had a good voice and spoke with much expression.

The proceedings were simple and informal, but dignified. Every one listened with keenest interest to the addresses. Mr. Balfour has a pleasant voice and is an easy and agreeable speaker, though he occasionally hesitated and repeated himself. Senator Schanzer, of the Italian delegation, spoke in English, and was at times somewhat hard to understand, as was the Japanese who put into English the brief remarks of Admiral Kato. M. Briand was by far the most eloquent of the speakers. The quality of his voice and the fire and feeling of his utterance made a deep impression even upon those who, like myself, could understand only a word or a phrase here and there.

But it was not so much what was said that thrilled me as the thought of what those men have it in their power to do. I had passed through the rotunda of the Capitol where the body of the Unknown American lay in state, I had seen the procession in which the highest officials in the land walked to do him honor, and I had stood by his grave in that beautiful spot in Arlington. And I had wondered who and what he was, and if he knew about all this. I had wondered, too, what were the thoughts of his comrades who guarded his rest. And in the evening of Armistice Day I had seen that wonderful illumination, beautiful beyond all possibility of description, and I had wondered if it might be a symbol of the hope that soon would light the world. And now I wondered about the men at the Conference table, and I felt very hopeful. I do not expect them to make the world over—that is be-

yond their power—but I do believe that they are going to give it a good start in the right direction.

Why shouldn't they? Every man there knows that the world war shook the foundations of civilization, and that another great war would mean almost literally the end of the world. Every man there knows that his country is staggering under an unbearable load, and is looking to this Conference for help. I do not believe one of them would dare to go home and tell his people that nothing had been accomplished. And I can't see why they should want to, either. Assuming that they are all as narrow-minded, as short-sighted and as self-seeking as some who are writing about the Conference would have us believe, what has any of them to gain—what can he think he might gain—by rejecting this opportunity to give some measure of relief to his own country and to the world? It is inconceivable that any sane, right-minded person should not want the Conference to succeed.

And yet—I wonder. Do the newspaper correspondents who are sending out stories of bitterness and dissension among the delegates, of how one delegation is "putting it over" on the others—stories that no official denial can ever overtake—do they want it to succeed? And the editor who writes, "No one can be more anxious for the success of this Conference than we are, but we are sure it will not amount to anything because we have no confidence in the men who compose it"—is he telling the truth in the first part of that sentence?

Of course I did not think of all this as I sat in the balcony of Continental Hall on that memorable day—the trouble-making stories and pessimistic editorials had not been written then—but as I thought of what the Conference could do, of what I hoped and believed it would do, I thought, too, of what the rest of us might do, and ought to do. There is a great responsibility upon those who are writing and speaking about this Conference, those who are really in a position to shape public opinion, but have not we who *are* public opinion some responsibility too? Why should we allow ourselves to be influenced by some editor whose name even we do not know, who says he does not trust the delegates? Very likely Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour and the rest of them would not trust *him* if they knew him. When we read in one issue of some paper two stories by different men giving directly opposite versions of the proceedings, aims and probable outcome of the Conference, let us use our common sense and reflect that since both stories can not be true, probably neither is. It is our part to do our own thinking, to be reasonable and fair-minded, and to wait until we know before we praise or condemn. "They also serve" who wait and hope.

The Papers of John Pererin

XI The Foolishness of God

IF the Cross is a true reflection of the Eternal Wisdom, if it is (as one has said) "the ground plan of the Universe," then most of us are standing on our heads and seeing the world upside down.

Stand before the Cross, and consider.

We need not take the crowd too seriously; it was just like any human crowd, ignorant, curious, led by the nose, shouting the catchword of the moment, stampeded into madness by men who should have known better.

But there are two companies in the multitude you will do well to observe carefully.

The first is a group of ecclesiastical persons, grave, severe, resolute, who look on with a grim satisfaction. Their authority has been shaken by the subversive doctrines of this Galilean fanatic; and it was their business as the custodians of sound religion to suppress him and put him out of the way. They set the appropriate machinery in motion; and this troubler of Israel would trouble them no more.

The second is a group of political persons, officers, soldiers, representatives of the Roman power, symbols and custodians of law and order. You can say nothing much about them except that they went about their task with the passionless efficiency of government officials. But this fellow threatened to break the peace and make trouble; and the mills of law were grinding him to powder.

That is the wisdom of this world, with its blind belief in punishment, suppression, reprisal, its sad illusions, its tragical self-deceptions, its fatuous error that you can get a quiet life by force and coercion.

And the criminal, what of him?

He looks down on these men, blind leaders of the blind, mistaken custodians of religion and order, with a pitiful eye. And as he looks, he prays: *"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."*

And again, out of his agony he cried: *I thirst.* Do not suppose that he spoke of a physical thirst that human compassion could quench. It was deep, unutterable longing, insatiable undying heart-hunger for love, for the winning of these men who hated him and did him to death. It was the imperious redemptive passion of the heart of God "forced through the channels of a single heart."

And that is the foolishness of God—that He has set out to conquer this race of wayward anarchic men and women with this strange armament of forgiveness and redeeming love.

And to-day—who cares about Caiaphas? Or Pilate? Yet the criminal has "a name which is above every name."

Truly the foolishness of God has proved wiser than men; and perhaps some day we shall believe it.

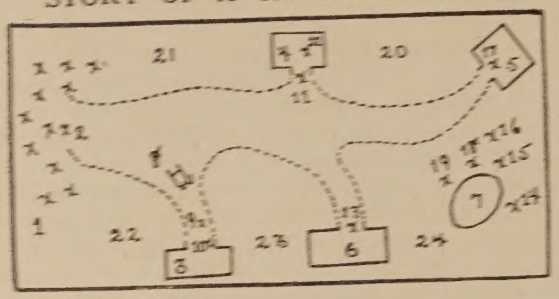
But until we believe it and live it, we shall go on making a mess of God's world.

O Thou whose foolishness is wiser than men, grant us eyes to see and minds to understand the things that belong to our peace. Deliver us from the dulness of our worldly-wisdom and from the credulities of our rationalism, and give us the mind of Christ. Bestow upon us the invincibility and patience of Love, and help us ever to face evil with a good will that never fails or yields. Amen.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

STORY OF A CHRISTMAS TREE



1. Group of trees.
2. One smaller tree.
3, 4, 5. Houses.
6. Store.
7. Pond.
8. Sled.
9,10. Men.
11. Rich lady.
12. Servant of rich lady.
13. Storekeeper.
14, 15, 16, 17. Children.
17. Poor lady.
18. Little girl, poor lady's daughter.
19. Dog.
20-23. Grass sprinkled dust and bits of cotton.

OUR lesson to-day is about a little tree. How many of you have ever heard the wind blow? Why, of course you have. Well, now suppose we say that when the wind blows that is the way God has for the trees to talk to each other. Here, at this end of our table (point to place) we have a number of trees right close to each other. And here (point to smaller tree) we see one dear little tree. It is smaller than the others, isn't it? And what do you suppose that little tree is doing? It is listening—listening just as hard as it can. And you know when you are doing that, you keep your ears open and your mouth shut. If you don't keep your ears open you will not hear what other folks say. And if you go right on talking you fill your ears all up with what *you* say and then you don't hear what older folks say. Well, the little tree was just listening—listening to what the bigger trees were saying to each other. And the little tree is so puzzled, because it hears the big trees asking each other: "Do you suppose we are going to be cut down and taken away?" And one after another says: "Maybe we will. Some of us go, most every year."

And as they talk together, just listen to what these men are saying. (Point to the men dolls.) These men are saying: "It is about time to go out into the woods and cut down some of the Christmas trees." How many of you have seen a Christmas tree? Of course you all have. And we all like to have a Christmas tree. Well, when we have a Christmas tree, somebody has to go out and chop down the tree that we enjoy, and that is just what these men are going to do. And so they get their big sled and they start out toward the trees. (Have children move the men dolls and the sled to where the trees are.) And they are going to get just the prettiest Christmas trees they can find so as to make children happy.

So these men pick out several trees one by one. (For each one make the dolls move toward each of these and make believe chop down, and as each one is brought down it is to be placed on the sled. In each case the men are supposed to be talking about it being suitable to cut down.) Now, as these men have cut down some trees, this little tree has been watching every move they make. One of the men comes to the little tree (move one of the men up to it) and he says: "Why, here is a cute little tree. Let us take this one. We've got just about room on the sled for this one." (So they take the little tree, same as the others.) And then where do you suppose these men take these trees, with the little tree on top of the others? Why, they take them to the store. (Have children move men dolls and the sled with trees to the store.) Here is the storekeeper and he wants to buy the trees, so the trees are taken off of the sled and put outside the store ready to sell. (Have the children help you unload trees and set them up around the front of store.)

Now, while the trees are being brought in, we must see what these children are doing over here. (Point to children playing on pond.) They have been playing on the ice. Now the mamma (point to No. 17) calls to her little girl, because she wants her to go with her down street. And her little girl answers right away. That is how children always ought to answer whenever mamma calls; it isn't nice to keep mamma or papa waiting. No matter what kind of good time you may be having, you should always answer promptly when your papa or mamma calls. This is the way this little girl answers, because she wants to help her mother and not make things any harder for her. And she goes down street with her mamma.

(Have poor lady doll and her little girl moved to store. The mother goes into store. Little girl stays outside looking at the trees. Calls to her mother as she comes out and wants her to buy the little tree. But her mother says she can't afford it. Just as this occurs, have rich lady doll moved up to store, where she hears what the little girl asks and what the mother answers. Rich lady goes into store as poor lady and her little girl go home. Little girl goes back to play with other children on ice, as her mother goes into house. Rich lady has taken liking to the little girl. She buys the little tree. She goes back home and sends her servant to bring tree home to her. Move different dolls to correspond to this.) Now the rich lady tells her servant to bring the tree and a big basket that nobody else knows about, and together they go to the home of the poor little girl. And (have these dolls moved thus) when she gets there she raps at the door and the poor lady comes to the door. Then the rich lady tells her how she happened to overhear the little girl ask for the tree, and says: "I hope you will let me give the tree to your little girl." Well, how do you think the mother feels? She feels a little hurt for a minute that she was not able to do this for her little girl, herself. And then she thinks how happy her little girl will be. You see mothers are always think-

ing what they can do to make you happy, even if it happens to hurt them some. And so she says: "Oh, I thank you so much. It is very kind of you." Then the rich lady comes in and they fix the tree in a corner together. Then the rich lady tells the servant to bring the basket. And what do you suppose was in that? Now, every one of you close your eyes—close them tight—and don't open them till I tell you. (See that they all do this, then take up the little tree and replace it by one that is like it that you have had hidden; this one should be trimmed and have presents on it.) Now when I count three, you must open your eyes all together. (Count.) Now what do you think of that? See how nicely the lady has fixed up the tree. She did it from the basket. Then the poor lady calls her daughter. And once more the little girl comes running quickly at her mother's call. (Have girl doll moved home quickly.) And don't you think she was happy? Yes, indeed. See how she just jumps around for joy. (Make the girl doll do this yourself.) Then the mother is happy that she put her own hurt aside and let the rich lady give the tree, because her little girl is happy. And the rich lady is happy because she has made others happy. You are always happy when you make other folks happy. Then what do you suppose the little girl does? Why, she goes and calls her playmates to come and see her tree. And they all come running. (Have other children move dolls to house quickly.) And they all have a good time with the tree, and the little girl shares some of her presents with the others. Now the rich lady goes home and her servant goes with her. And for a long, long time, every once in a while she smiles happily as she thinks how much the children enjoyed that little Christmas tree. Now, let us see if we can remember the first thing we learned about this little girl. When her mother wanted her to come to go down street, she didn't wait and hang back. She came right away. And if she had not done that, her mother would have gone down street alone, and there wouldn't have been any little girl to see that little Christmas tree and want it. And the rich lady would never have heard that the little girl wanted the little tree, and so the little tree would have gone somewhere else. I don't mean that we will always get just what we want by answering promptly. But you may miss a whole lot that you want if you don't answer when papa or mamma calls, and answer just as quick as you can. You should do that any way because they are all the time doing so much for you. Now, in a day or so the pretty things will be taken off the tree and put away for next Christmas. And the little tree will be put outside and carried off. But it has done its part. It has made others happy.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Roller Skates and Riches

THE daughter of the daughter of Keturah came unto me, saying:

My little playmate, Willis, hath a grandpa, and his grandpa hath bought for him a pair of Roller Skates.

And I said, The grandpa of Willis is President of a Bank.

And she inquired saying, What is the President of a Bank?

And I answered, He is a man who doth accommodate his friends by borrowing their money with Interest and Loaning it back to them at Six Per Cent.

And she asked of me saying, Grandpa, is the grandpa of Willis as rich as you?

And I said, Nay, my dear; for he hath not so many children or grandchildren.

And she said, Shall we go to where they sell Roller Skates?

And I said, We will surely go there, and we will stay not on the order of our going.

So we went to the place where they sell, and we bought the skates.

Now in the days of my youth, when there were no Movies, and there was no Jazz, there were Skating Rinks, wherein the youth did congregate, and roll around on an Hardwood Floor. But concrete Pavements were there none, and the young folk did not skate all over Creation as now they do. But I remember that wheels under the feet of youth feel fine.

And as we walked toward home, the little maiden thought much of How Rich she was with her Skates, and How Rich must be her grandpa to buy them, and she remembered that I had spoken of the wealth of the grandfather of her playmate. And she inquired, saying:

Grandpa, is any one in the world more rich than you?

And I thought of my Home and my Health and my Friends and my Children, and my Children's Children, and my Books and my Job. Yea, I remembered that my Check is as good at the Bank for any sum that I have need to draw as that of John D. Rockefeller or the grandfather of Willis, and I said:

No, my little girl, there is no man in the world more rich than thy grandpa.

* * *

GODDARD SEMINARY

AT the close of a previous article relating to Goddard Seminary reference was made to the fact that, in a number of cases, young men had gone out from Goddard who, later on, had taken responsible positions as pastors of churches in our denomination, and it may be noted with pride that from the first class to graduate from the institution, a class of four young men, Charles H. Eaton was destined to succeed the late Dr. E. H. Chapin as pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York.

From the time of the opening of its doors to young people wishing to obtain an education, students came from far and near, and at no time in its history has the seminary obtained its patronage wholly from local territory.

In an article of this nature one should review the list of beloved and faithful principals who have given of their life's best energy to lead students to realize the value of a good preparation to meet the responsibilities of life. Lester L. Burrington came first, having as assistants Mary A. Bryant, preceptress, also Adelma A. Ballou, C. Marion Ware, C. W. Parmenter

and G. A. Adams. This board of instruction established many methods and customs which have long been adhered to in the administration of affairs. Mr. Burrington's successors in after years were Frank M. Hawes, Henry Priest, Alston W. Dana, David L. Maulsby, Orlando K. Hollister. At the present time Russell L. Davison holds the position as head of the teaching force of Goddard.

Many other men and women have worked faithfully and well as members of the faculty and won for themselves the deep love and respect of hundreds of boys and girls seeking after knowledge. The alumni of the school, numbering now about one thousand, are and have for many years been loyal supporters of Goddard's interests.

When twenty-five years of existence had passed, the event was duly celebrated and at this time was also dedicated the Thompson Memorial, a building for self-boarding pupils of which mention was made in a previous article. To this, as also to the expense of building the annex in 1912, which had become a necessity in order to furnish greater accommodations, alumni and friends readily contributed.

At the commencement of 1912, a memorial tablet to the late William Rollin Shipman was unveiled. This was a gift from the alumni body, and appropriate exercises were held commemorating the tireless devotion and life-long service of Dr. Shipman for the school. Later on a cement walk was constructed leading down the hill, the various classes each furnishing the necessary amount for one block.

In 1919 Goddard rounded out a half-century of life, and it was deemed essential that some suitable celebration should mark the time, consequently a historical pageant was prepared and staged on the seminary campus, the occasion being one of much interest and of marked success.

To one whose memory can go back to the days when the present buildings were in process of erection and to the time when the ungraded campus was mostly a gravelly knoll, the growth and development of the institution is marked and powerful.

The founders of Goddard Seminary builded even better than they knew when they sacrificed and labored to establish such a school.

* * *

A PRAYER OF SERVICE

UNTO THEE, Creative Light of known and unknown worlds, we lift our hearts in unison, seeking the strength and purpose to make manifest Thy holy will upon the earth.

Thou who art the Parent Spirit of all humankind, quicken within us the sense of our unbroken kinship with all that live; lift us for this hour to broadened view and limitless sympathy, and reveal where we too often fail of our high heritage, too often let our lives negative our prayers. Open our eyes to read the bitter lesson, which both men and nations are so slow to heed, that they who seek their welfare apart from that of others are but workers of their own destruction; and out of the fevered and calamitous days that selfishness has wrought in every land, send us to go as guiding lamps along the path of brotherhood which alone will lead to lasting peace.

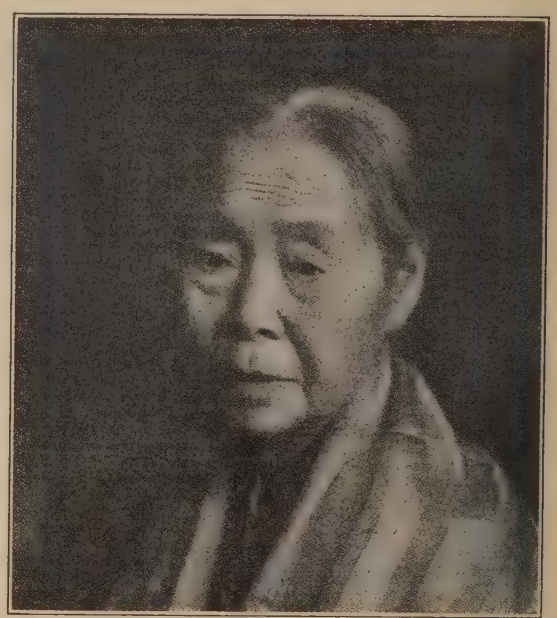
As we more and more perceive Thy spirit dwelling in humble hearts, and glimpse Thy resurgent revelation in every aspiring and unvanquishable soul, may there be reborn for us the ancient vision of humanity a common family, and all the world a harmonious home. And to this consummation, help us cleanse Thy household of its abominations, dispossess its exploiters, and disarm its plunderers; reinforce and renew its foundation stones, tearing down, if needs be, old walls that darken and divide; open every window to the airs of Freedom and the light of Love; and garnish and make fair each corner of its many rooms, that life be sweet, abundant, free, and earth be worthy habitation for all children of Thy spirit.

And at the last, O Love Abiding, bring to us the realization that it is ourselves must work the final answer to our prayer. *Amen.*

* * *

MME. KAJO YAJIMO

The visit of Mme. Kajo Yajimo to Washington brings home the fact that the women of enlightened America are not the only ones who are longing for and seeking an end to war. This remarkable little old lady, the Frances Willard of Japan, has brought a



petition to President Harding, signed by ten thousand of her countrywomen, declaring their earnest desire that the Peace Conference shall prove the means of promoting world peace. "The women of Japan," says Mme. Yajimo, "want education, not battleships and armies. They want the government to spend money, not on military establishments, but on schools." When questioned as to what she thought would be the outcome of the Conference, she said that she believed it would succeed. "It is my hope, and the hope of all sane people in the world, so why talk of failure?"

Ninety years old, but still as young in spirit as a girl, Mme. Yajimo is making the journey to America at her own expense, using the money given her by former students that her old age might be made comfortable. So eager was she to come that she was ready to travel third-class, had her friends not come to the rescue and voluntarily subscribed enough money to enable her to travel in ease.

Shut away for fifty years in the little town where she was born, knowing little of anything outside her immediate surroundings, Mme. Yajimo did not take up the work which was to bring her fame until the age when many women think their best

years are past. After the death of her husband, who was an addict to drink, she went to Tokyo, and there became interested in Christianity at a Presbyterian mission point. A pioneer in temperance reform, she founded the first temperance society in Japan and served for thirty-five years as its president. She also holds the distinction of being the first woman in Japan to receive a government certificate to teach.

"All who believe in God and love peace should join hands and work to make this world the home of God," is her great message to the Christians of America, and indeed she is as much a missionary to this country as any of our missionaries are to her country.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

DEC. 18—PAUL'S LAST WORDS

Who Wrote This?

The epistles to Timothy and Titus were long regarded as the work of Paul. Our keenest scholars now agree that Paul did not write them, but that some one embodied parts of some manuscripts Paul left and compiled these letters on the ministry, the morals of Christians and the conduct of a church organization.

The matter has been preserved for us and its full value is at our command. It is of little concern to us who gathered the material and put it in its present form. Its value is in its content and not in the author's name.

A Good Record

This man put himself into his task. He had convictions and visions of truth that he thought worth his life effort. He gave himself freely and the treasure proved worthy of his devotion.

When a man devotes himself to the defense and promotion of an ideal he can not always be sure of what will happen. Sometimes he grows away from his ideal and loses interest in it. It was not large enough to hold the interest of a growing man. Sometimes in the stress and excitement of the pursuit he leaves the main line and follows a fragment of the original prize. Sometimes the original is big enough to feed the imagination and hunger and idealism of the man no matter how fast he runs and no matter how fast he grows.

This is fortunate and this is the case when a clear-thinking man pursues the great issues of life. Paul, whose paragraph this doubtless is, kept his objective. It was big enough to be always bigger than he was.

No man can grow fast enough to outgrow Right, Truth, Life, Infinity.

The man who chooses an objective big enough and right enough and valuable enough to satisfy him in his maturity, and when he faces the portal of the future, chooses wisely. The treasure woven into one's own character, that which goes with a man as an integral part of himself wherever and whenever he goes, is a treasure likely to yield satisfaction.

Properties in a country from which a man must move and which can not be converted into anything that can be carried away are not the best properties to have.

In this inventory Paul found himself satisfied with his choice of values. He was satisfied that his effort had been reasonable and commendable. He fully expected the commendation of future judgment. He was confident of gratifying compensation. He had pursued a treasure that would be as enduring as himself. In making good his own riches he had contributed immensely to the riches of others. This is an eminently satisfactory situation.

Friends—Coming and Going

The coming of congenial souls into one's life is a great experience. There is exhilaration and inspiration in the contact of a warm strong personality. None of us can go on well without friends, companions, co-workers.

Yet it is true that every one of us must live his own life. We find abundant good in the vitalities of others—their warmth, their courage, their mental mastery—but we have to have our own and by our own we stand or fall.

It is a disappointing fact but a necessary one that our friends will not and can not be with us in life's real experiences. Paul stated the paradox in his letter to the Galatians when he said: Bear ye one another's burdens. . . . Every man shall bear his own burden. But Paul was not ready for this isolation. As one after another slipped away he felt the force of this fate and would have avoided it.

Whenever a man leaves the main traveled road he leaves his fellow man. Paul was not being deserted. He was forced off the main road and the others continued on. Those with journeys to make can not leave the road to sit with those who are forced to sit. When we leave the road the world will pass by. It has some place to go and something to do. Our change of program can not control the program of others. They must go on to find their experience and their destiny. It is possible that we might keep the road if we chose to do it but to have others leave the road to sit with us is so unreasonable as to be almost impossible. Paul's leaving the world's road was beyond his control.

Friends are worth while and good friends are great. We can make ourselves rich with them. Yet there are some things they can not do for us. There are some places they can not go with us. We must be prepared to take life's adventures alone.

Paul's Friends

It is interesting that Paul did not form a close friendship and working partnership with any one of the twelve apostles. Perhaps one reason was that they were very different types. Paul was an educated man possibly of the sterner type. He was a strong-minded man. His own vision so clearly defined the issues that he did not find it easy to participate in the give and take processes of ordinary people. A man whose mind penetrates situations is always positive. He does not work easily in partnerships. He is a natural leader and not a good teamworker. He needs others to work with him as helpers but not as partners.

We in America are quite divided in our opinion as to which kind of leader is preferable—the man who sees clearly what the situation is and is not willing to barter his vision, or the man who does not see far enough to make him confident, and by taking counsel works out a mosaic of ideas.

Among Paul's friends was Timothy, a young man who came from Lystra and whom Paul trained to be a preacher and an executive. He was Paul's convert and the great apostle loved him as a son. He became the successor of Paul in the great work of church supervision and construction.

Another man who found it comfortable to work under Paul and who became prominent and left permanent contributions to the church was Luke. He was a medical doctor. How much he devoted himself to his practise we do not know, but we do know that he was a generous traveler and was much in touch with Paul. Paul trusted him and loved him.

Dr. Luke wrote a great record that comes to us in two parts but that really ought to be united into one. True, these two parts were written at different times, but the second carries on the story of the first and would be read by many more people if it were connected with the first and the whole given an attractive title.

The Gospel according to Luke and the Acts of the Apostles together make the history of the Christian religion from the birth of Jesus to the end of Paul's ministry. It is worth while to read these two books through as one connected story covering the founding of the Christian religion.

Paul had many other friends. Some of them entertained him and nourished his work in their home towns. Some of them traveled a little with him. Some he could not work with and some of them could not work with him. No man should be discouraged when he finds that he can not work well with certain other people. Jesus did not invite every good man to go along with him. Some who wanted to go he sent home. Paul had discord with some good men. Some good people get on best when they are separated. Distance is a good friend to lots of people.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

EXORCISM

One day I fancied that I felt a wrong—
A wound upon my spirit deeply seared;
But just to keep my courage and be strong,
I urged my heart into a cheerful song—
And found the spirit-scar had disappeared!

One night, sore-burdened by a grim despair,
I felt no faith nor hope to spur me on;
But striving to forget my weight of care,
I shaped my soul into an inward prayer,
Then stood erect—for lo, the load was gone!

Clifford J. Laube, in Nautilus.

THE INDIAN WRESTLERS

ONE day in the late autumn when all the grasses on the broad prairies were turning brown and sere, Har-at-ta, the old Indian chief who lived at the agency, took David, the agent's boy, for a long walk along the wooded stream that ran through the prairies. He told the boy stories of the leaves and grasses, and the song that the wind sang when it whistled through the cold, stark woods in the mid-winter. When they reached the end of the stream and sat down to rest for a time the old Indian told David a story of a very brave Indian chief who had roamed over the prairies long ago.

One day, as the Indian chief was walking alone through a dark forest, he met an Indian who was very small. The little man wore a red plume in his hair, and his face was very pleasant to look upon; and he greeted the chief with smiles.

"Good morning, friend," he said. "I am Mondamin, or the Red Plume. I hear that you are very strong. How would you like to wrestle with me?"

"You are only a little fellow, and I am a strong warrior," answered the chief. "Why should I wrestle with you?"

The little man smiled again, and the red plume in his hair waved back and forth as he said: "I am much stronger than you think. And you should wrestle with me because you will then be able to give a wonderful gift to your people."

"If that is the case," answered the chief, "then I will try a bout with you. But never will I harm you willingly."

So the great chief and little Red Plume began to wrestle with each other. All day they wrestled. In the evening the strength of Red Plume failed entirely and he sank down helpless upon the ground.

"I have thrown you, I have thrown you!" shouted the chief, and his words sounded out through the woods.

The chief stooped to lift the defeated Red Plume to his feet again, but behold, the wrestler looked no longer like a man! His legs and arms and head were gone, and his body had changed to an ear of Indian corn. But the red plume was still there, waving as before, and as the chief looked he heard a voice coming out from the husk that surrounded the corn.

"Noblest of warriors," it said, "here is the wonderful gift that you have given your people. Take me and strip me of the husk which protect me from the winds and the weather; then bury me in the rich, black soil near the river's bank. There the sun will warm me and I will drink of the rains of early summer. When one moon has passed, come back. You will then see the wonderful gift of corn."

As the chief finished telling David the story of the corn the sun was just setting over the stream. They started home and passed through a field of the Indian maize. The old chief gathered two great ears, and holding them in his hands, looked up toward the skies to thank the Great Spirit for his gift of corn to his Indian children.—*Mary Denny, in Christian Work.*

* * *

WHAT SHALL THE POOR GIRL WEAR?

A great mercantile house, known round the globe, has ordered its saleswomen to net their bobbed hair and let it grow. Another retail establishment throws a fit about "lightened" hair. A whole chorus of insurance companies, financial houses and accounting establishments finds time to sing a song about short skirts, silk stockings and transparent blouses. All agree, "Business women should dress as simply and inconspicuously as possible."

Should they? Why?

It has taken me years to get to the point of asking that question. But now I do ask it, loudly: "Why should a girl dress like a nun just because she works for a living?"

If you put it on the ground of simplicity for all girls and all women—why, that's another matter. Maybe so and maybe not so. But the idea that red and orange and nasturtium yellow and aster purples belong to the girl whose allowance comes from her father, while navy blue and dark brown are the colors for a girl whose pay envelope comes from her typewriter—this seems to me not fair at all. Why should a business girl be restricted to the type of costume that no woman ever turns her head to look after on the street?

Girls who click the typewriter in serried rows under the indirect lighting system that has replaced daylight in offices, girls who figure other people's money behind bank gratings, and girls who file divers papers in complicated systems, all girls who have tiresome jobs in drab offices, would far better wear buttercup yellow and apple green and all the flaming colors of the sunrise they never see, instead of the "suitable" clothes wished on to them. If they like, that is. If a girl prefers to dress like a rainy day, why, that again is another matter. But it isn't they, it is their employers who want them to look like the outside of the cloud that conceals its silver lining.

During this present wave of firing for bobbed hair and general grouching over girls' naughty clothes, I have been doing a heap of thinking. And I have been thinking, not about the girls, but about the employers. In a technical banking magazine which it is my ill-fortune to read, I found between an article on trade acceptances and one on the duties of the bank farm agent, an essay on how women in financial houses should dress. Several bankers gave their views but not their names. One stated the matter thus: "Girls who wear gay clothes to business are too distracting to the young men in the office. We are letting them out as fast as we can fill their positions."

Letting whom out? The young distracted men?

No. Letting the girls out.

Another said, "They think too much about their clothes."

A third averred, "They think too much about getting married."

The accusations are not, you notice, that the gayly dressed damsels talk too much about clothes and marriage or that they waste the firms' time or make mistakes. It is their alleged thoughts that are unsatisfactory.

Most employers feel more comfortable about a girl with thin hair and big teeth, who forgets to powder her nose. A boss will tell you gravely that such a one thinks only of her work. How the dickens does he know what she is thinking about? What he really means is that she doesn't tempt even his unconscious mind to amorous thoughts. He feels safe with her. Safe. Safe.

Most men prefer a woman to adapt her costume to the business world, although she must be careful not to overstep the line and be "mannish." These men like a woman to be frilly and fluffy at home and in the evening. They want the women they meet socially to be very "feminine," but they are resentful, because vaguely disturbed, when a woman dares be "feminine" in the down-town world which they still think is their exclusive property. They can not stand having about them women who are obviously women and not imitation men. Not real men in line for promotions and salary raises and likely to holler at being passed over, but passive, sexless creatures grateful for being underpaid and overworked, and convinced that the boss and God are always right.

At noon the girl workers hurry along the gray, stone-walled canyons, gay as a crocus bed in the spring sunshine, chattering like squirrels, and heedless as a bunch of puppies. Not one in ten is wearing the modest and durable frock recently recommended by fourteen clergymen. They are girls first and working girls second.—*Mary Alden Hopkins, in New Republic.*

* * *

"A LITTLE FOLDING OF THE HANDS TO SLEEP"

Elizabeth L. Randall

As tired child lets fall his book or toy,
And gladly climbs upon his father's knee,
Knowing the waiting arms will fold him close,
So may it be at last, dear Lord, with me.

I would not strive against this coming sleep
Hoping that thus 'twould pass my eyelids by.
No, rather will I court the sweet relief,
Envying those who in its slumber lie.

"A little folding of the hands to sleep,"
And then such dreams as ne'er my childhood knew—
Till with the morn I see Thee face to face
Waking to find my fondest dreams come true.

Dean Academy.

* * *

"100 PER CENT AMERICANS"

In a certain private school in New York one class of pupils has been segregated on account of their exceptional standing under the Binet tests. They have intelligence quotient records of from 140 to 170. And, as they are listed, they include the following:

(1) "A liberal cultured Jew, home of modest comfort;" (2) "a boy of Negro descent, a sociological not ethnological Negro, since he is lighter than his teacher;" (3) "boy of lower East Side, orthodox Jew, father a brilliant rising young physician;" (4) "boy, son of rich uptown doctor, Gentile;" (5) "child of East Side tenements, born in Austria, parents speak no English, child's clothing ragged, face often dirty, father beginning to push up to success, orthodox Jew;" (6) "daughter of very orthodox Episcopalian, Y. M. C. A. leader, limited means;" (7) "son of very wealthy manufacturer, liberal Jews, cultured people;" (8) "son of Roumanian peasants, ignorant but very intelligent, thrifty and successful, renegade Jews;" (9) "fairly dark Negro, grandparents Oberlin students;" (10) "idolized baby in Jewish home of great wealth;" (12) "son of radical thinker of moderate means, Jewish;" (12) "son of Russian Jewish socialists, very poor indeed, quite the 'Red' type, disgruntled with everything, parents have both worked through poverty, dirt, and disorder to get Ph.D.'s at Columbia;" (13) "son of a radical poet, a fair degree of wealth;" (14) "daughter of poor but successful doctor of lower East Side;" (15) "son of rich manufacturer, Jewish;" (16) "son of progressive public school principal, liberal Jews;" (17) "daughter of a merchant of moderate means, Jewish." —*Religious Education.*

* * *

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

On one side of the life of the younger generation there is crying need for amendment. That is in the relations of parents to children. The old autocracy of parental discipline is gone, and happily gone. Few parents have either the knowledge or the discretion to rule their children in the manner once thought necessary. And the evil results of too lavish a use of authority in the earlier days were as conspicuous as the opposite evils of abandoned responsibility too often seen to-day. What is needed is neither the martinet sort of discipline practised a generation ago, nor the lapse of all direction too much in evidence now. It is desirable rather that the relations of parent and child shall be those of comradeship and confidence. This is much more difficult than either of the extremes. But it is the only ground for the deeper sense of respect and obedience which a new and very wonderful generation of children is learning to accord to fathers and mothers who understand and sympathize.

For there is just such a generation of children and young people now on the way to maturity. They are given large freedom by their parents, but at the same time they recognize the standards of manners and morals of which they have been made aware by tactful instruction and by inspiring example. They enjoy the diversions which are abundant and wholesome. They are unafraid in the presence of crises of conduct that might prove disastrous to neglected or scolded youth. Between them and their parents there is mutual respect and confidence. They are the honor of the social order and the hope of the future. They are not trying to experiment on the margins of propriety, but are alert to discover where their educational advantages and their social liberty may be made of greatest service to the institutions and groups with which they find themselves connected. In such young people, neither Puritans nor moral spendthrifts, lies the hope of the future.—*Christian Century.*

* * *

SPEAKING OF FREE SPEECH

We had occasion to telegraph our editor the other day. The books of Survey Associates were to close October 1, and thinking he could not bear the strain the editor had crossed over the border into Canada the day before. Happily, however, at the eleventh hour as result of the steadfastness of many old friends of the *Survey*, the bookkeeper could report the year clear. So we wrote our telegram: "Speaking of deficits there ain't any." Then the censor came in. "We don't take slang in telegrams," said a feminine voice from the Western Union. . . Conference. . . . Tried it again: "Speaking of deficits there isn't any." . . . "I tell you we don't take slang"—and the telephone clicked. . . . So an editor building a wharf in the wilds received the following: "Speaking of deficits—there is not any."—*Survey.*

* * *

TRYING TO OBLIGE

Mother was teaching five-year-old Bobby geography. She had come to the Sahara Desert. "Now, say it—Sahara," she prompted him.

"Hara," replied Bobby.

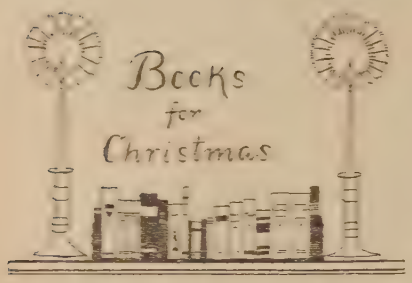
"No, not Hara—Sahara, don't you see?" said mother patiently. "Now, say it."

Again Bobby replied, "Hara."

That kept up for some time until finally Bobby, worn out, exclaimed indignantly, "Well, mother, didn't I say Hara?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House



Roosevelt in the Bad Lands. By Hermann Hagedorn. Illustrated. Large paper edition, 350 copies, $10.00. Trade edition. $5.00.

"To write any book is an adventure, but to write this book has been the kind of gay and romantic experience that makes any man who has partaken of it a debtor forever to the Giver of Delights." So says the author of the "revealing account of that young man who forty years ago founded a personal College of the Plains in raw Dakota."

From the time the "eastern' punkin lily," with duffle-bag and gun-case, landed at Little Missouri at three o'clock of a cool September morning and was shown to the fourteenth bed in the loft of the Pyramid Park Hotel, until his "fancy . . . for a permanent residence . . . in Dakota . . . vanished in the radiance of a new happiness" and he dissolved the arrangement with Sewall and Dow and came back to the busy world, it is as thrilling and full of picturesque characters as a movie, and "absodarnlutely" true.

The book will delight many a man and boy, and is an inspiration, for Roosevelt was the leader of the forces of law and order —even "Hell-Roaring Bill Jones" forsook his friends of violence because he liked "Old Four-Eyed Rosenfelder."

Blinkers. By Horace Annesley Vachell. Picture jacket. $1.90.

Adam Issell is a designer of wall-paper, also perforce the keeper of a small ship in Moscombe, where he dispenses commodities at a price and bits of his philosophy —he believes that human values are based on "the preconceived idea"—without price. He reminds Miles Purdie, a journalist who wishes to exploit him as an artist, of a portrait of Shelley.

Miranda, his pretty daughter, feeling herself a burden on her father's poverty, goes to the household of the Rev. Mr. Merrytree, vicar of Medbury-Hawthorne, as a parlormaid of an unusual type—"The girl walked in upon me as if she were a duchess . . . I admit that I quite lost my self-possession," said Mrs. Merrytree.

Ralph Somervell falls in love with Miranda, but "the Somervells do not marry out of their class." Then the Head of the Family dies, and Colonel Somervell withdraws his opposition; but when Ralph again goes a-wooing, the lady has bestowed her affections elsewhere.

The Children's Munchausen. Retold by John Martin. Illustrated by Gordon Ross. Picture jacket. $2.25.

John Martin says in his foreword, "I sincerely hope that I have given you a book that will add to your joy and inspire you to a love of the classic tales that round out your literary taste and judgment."

The Baron Munchausen holds the world championship as a liar and boaster, so that his story of adventures is not only tremendously interesting but a wonderful object-lesson on the power of imagination when uncurbed.

Some of the most popular episodes are here adapted for juvenile reading, and the illustrations are a joy—you will want to buy the book as soon as you see that fetching picture of the Baron driving the wolf that devoured his horse in two bites and ate his way into the harness!

The Fog. By William Dudley Pelley. $2.00.

It is not a sea-fog, nor the mists that rise from inland waters and curl about the mountains, with which Nathan Forge has to contend in seeing his way through the world, but the fog of misunderstanding—his father was of the "bigoted Quilpish English" type "which contends that a man's wife and children are his personal chattels and foot-scrapers"—of cruelty, of longings, of life in a little Vermont village.

But by degrees he comes to find and express his real self, and at last the joy of success, perfect understanding, and deep content is his. And when his own boy arrives, Nathan says to him in a whisper, "There shall be no Fog for you, little son. As you grow along—your dad will understand!"

Orphant Annie Story Book. By Johnny Gruelle. Illustrated. Picture jacket. $1.50.

You remember how Orphant Annie, when she came

"to our house to stay,
To wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,"

told stories to the children? Johnny Gruelle used to read about her, and now that he is "all grown up," he has made this book of the stories and pictures as a tribute to the beloved poet who gave him and countless other boys and girls so many happy hours. Wasn't that a lovely thing to do?

You can see Orphant Annie with her dust-mop, telling about Minky-the-Magician and an odd little gnome who lived in the apple-tree, and many more; and there are sixty pictures. You will love the book, and perhaps you will tuck it under your arm when you trudge upstairs at sleepy-times.

Faery Lands of the South Seas. By James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. Illustrated. Picture jacket. $4.00.

It is a far cry from the grim war-time activities of the Lafayette Flying Corps to the gay, irresponsible life of those mystic isles, but these distinguished aviators have found great adventures there also. For two years they have explored islands on which the white man's foot had never been set; they divided the kingdom into two parts and compared notes when they could; and this book is compounded of their own rich and varied experiences, native lore, and intimate histories of many white men who are content to dream away their allotted span in this perpetual garden where the war must seem like a tale that is told.

In Blessed Cyrus. By Laura E. Richards. Frontispiece. Picture jacket. $2.00.

"I call Cyrus blessed, because it is the happiest place I know: the fullest of that kindly neighborly spirit of good will, which may, I think, be called the American spirit." So there we are, with something sweet to take out the "Main Street" taste, and we hail it with joy.

The quaint place is full of equally quaint and delightful characters—Mr. Jason and Mr. Josiah Jebus, who keep the Crewel Shop; Mr. Bygood and the Misses Almeria and Egeria, who welcome Cyrus at the Book Store; Mr. Augustine Tooth of the Perfect Pharmacy and Mrs. Tooth (she that was Emmeline Jebus); Mr. Marshall Mallow of the Mallow House; Squire Tertius Quint and Miss Hippolyta; the Charter family, and so on.

Lila Laughter, a giddy actress whose name is really Eliza Slaughter, and who is related to the Quints, invades the Cranford-like serenity of the town, and at first causes consternation and a real heart-ache; but during an epidemic of smallpox she shows her true character and becomes a happy member of the community.

Wild Brother. Strangest of True Stories from the North Woods. By William Lyman Underwood. Illustrated by photographs. Picture jacket. $2.00.

Beside the story of Mowgli, the man-cub who grew up in a bear's den, should stand this story of Bruno, a bear-cub brought up by a kind-hearted woman with her little daughter Ursula. Perhaps some of you have heard Mr. Underwood's lecture and seen the pictures.

Bruno was no bigger than a squirrel

when he was discovered by the woodsman who had shot the mother for the valuable skin and adopted by his foster-mother. He lived in this family for years, then was taken to Mr. Underwood's home in Belmont, near Boston, and finally, becoming too bearish for life with humans, was transferred to the bear-house in a small Zoo near Spot Pond.

"The strangest of true stories," indeed!

Boys' Home Book of Science and Construction. By Alfred P. Morgan. Illustrated. $2.50.

Here is a text book which boys from the age of twelve upwards will read, not because they have to, but because they want to. The author opens up "the Wonderland of Science" which any one may explore who has a mind to go adventuring. "An experiment is a question we ask of nature, and nature is always ready to give a correct answer provided the question is properly asked by arranging the proper experiment." Small ideas are not to be despised, for there is a lesson to be learned from the commonest things about us—the spinning of a top, the burning of a candle, the energy of a rubber band. The book contains chapters on Chemistry, Mechanics, Liquids, Sound, Heat, Light, Electricity and Meteorology, and each is generously illustrated.

Little Lambie Lamkin. A tale for Wee Folks. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Little Lambie Lamkin is a rebellious, frisky little lamb, whose adventures and capers would many times have led him to catastrophe, had not the Fairy of the Sunshine and Shadow Forest kept a watchful eye over his wanderings. The story is told in a manner to delight the heart of wee folks.

The Wonderful Story of Cinderella. Rhymed and Retold by Kenneth Graham Duffield. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Children for generations have loved the story of Cinderella. They will also love the story told in verse. The illustrations are delightful. The tale ends:

"If you'll come a little closer,
Here's a secret just for you,
If you are good and gentle
Almost all your dreams come true."

Peter Rabbit's Easter. By Linda Stevens Almond. Illustrated. 50 cents.

None of the Peter Rabbit stories are more interesting than "Peter Rabbit's Easter." Here Peter is his mischievous old self. He goes to pick violets with his little sisters, but soon gets tired and runs away. Chased by a dog, he takes refuge in a toy shop, where to save himself he poses as a toy rabbit. At last the shop-keeper discovers him, and as he is a kind man who will not hurt little rabbits, he gives Peter some Easter toys to take home, and a fine new bicycle.

A Child's Garden of Verse. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Margaret Campbell Hoopes. 50 cents.

A new and tiny edition of Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse," with illustrations which the child will love, has just been published. Every child should become familiar with these verses, and this edition will have an especial appeal.

Peter Rabbit's Birthday. By Linda Stevens Almond. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Peter Rabbit begins his Birthday by falling into the bowl of flour from which his birthday cake is to be made, and although he meets with other mishaps, the day is not spoiled, and at the end of the day, after a wonderful party, he says, what so many small children, but no grown-ups, have said, "Oh, how I wish every day were my birthday!"

The Old Time Story of the Three Bears. Rhymed and Retold by Kenneth Duffield. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Of course the children like the story of the Three Bears, but they will like it all the better told in jingle. They will want this little book read and reread, and they will love the cunning illustrations.

Little Squirrelie Squirreliekin. A Tale for Wee Folks. Illustrated. 50 cents.

The difficulties which little Squirrelie Squirreliekin had in househunting for his wife and his little family are not much different from the troubles we real folk encounter. At any rate, the children will delight in this story of Squirrelie and his neighbors, Robin Redbreast, Mrs. Woodpigeon and Mrs. Jenny Wren.

Grunty Grunts and Smiley Smiles. By Bertha E. Feist. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Grown-ups don't like to be preached at; no more do children, and this little book of verse is inclined to be preachy. "Be Smiley Smiles, not Grunty Grunts," says every page. The book is cleverly illustrated, however, and many of the verses are also clever.

Little Prayers for Little Lips. By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil. Illustrated. 50 cents.

This little book of prayer for children conveys the old idea of religion. Written from a more liberal viewpoint, still kept in the language of the child, it would find a place in his religious instruction.

When I Was a Girl in Switzerland. By S. Louise Patteson. Illustrated. $1.25.

Much interesting information about the life and customs of that country of beautiful scenery, Switzerland, is contained in this book, and to the girl who has a longing to know of other lands it will be instructive.

When I Was a Boy in Norway. By Dr. John O. Hall. Illustrated. $1.25.

"Who could help being patriotic for Norway, Nature's Wonderland, the Land of the Vikings, of Saga and Song, of Fjords and Falls, of Mountains and Ice-field, with a variety of climate, from the mildest tracts in the south to the Arctic winters in the north, and the lure of the Midnight Sun and the Lights." Read the book, and you will want to see for yourself that marvelous country.

The Story of Chicken Little. Rhymed and Retold, by Kenneth Graham Duffield. 50 cents.

The story of Chicken Little, who, finding rose leaves on the ground and thinking they fall from the skies, hurries off to tell the king, joined by Henny Penny, Ducky Duddles, Goosie Poosie and Turkey Lurkey, will please the children. But the conclusion of the story, when the Bad Old Fox leads them off and eats up all but Chicken Little, who makes her escape, is not so pleasant.

Where the Young Child Was. By Marie Conway Oemler. Picture jacket. $1.90.

These lovely stories breathe the Christmas spirit, and two of them were selected for the "Best Short Stories."

Where the Young Child Was tells how the birth of an Italian miner's baby brought happiness to a snow-bound house-party, except one man who was left lonely and poverty-stricken in his wealth and power. The Spirit of the House shows how beautifully history can repeat itself. The Youngest Officer is the story of a boy who by his bravery and sweetness healed a terrible family breach. Linden Goes Home is the going back to his home of a boy whose mother was driven from it at the time of his birth. The Little Brown House is about a senator's wife who yearns for simplicity and buys the little house with happiest results. That Makes the World Go Round is of a mother-in-law and father-in-law who, from disliking each other, came to love, and it ends in a Christmas surprise.

On the jacket a Christmas candle shines through a many-paned window on a snowy world.

Adele Doring at Boarding School. By Grace May North. Illustrated. Picture jacket.

To the young girl who is fond of boarding school stories, this new Adele Doring book will furnish a treat. The motto of the Sunnyside Club is, "The only creed of which we have need is the art of being kind," and when the members of the club go to the Linden Boarding School, they keep up their belief in this creed. By putting it into practise they soon dissolve the cliques which exist in the school.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

Dec. 11. Waltham, Mass.
Dec. 13. Livermore Falls, Me.
Dec. 16. Dexter, Me.
Dec. 18. Caribou, Me.
Dec. 19. Oakfield, Me.
Dec. 20. Portland, Me., All Souls.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1. All New England Get-together, Cambridge, Mass.

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ON THE WAY TO SUCCESS

New York has just closed the best state Y. P. C. U. Convention it has held in years, and started on a new year's work with every indication of success. Some features of the Convention were especially noteworthy.

One was the number of ministers who were present, although the Convention began on Friday evening and continued until Sunday noon, when it is impossible for a minister to be away from his parish—unless there is something that he regards as important. And these men came, even though they did not have a place on the program! Some ministers regard it as a waste of time to attend a Convention where they have not been invited to speak; not so these men of the Empire State. They came and looked on, and although most of them had to leave on Saturday, they took back with them new faith and confidence in the future of the Universalist Church. When a minister gets blue or discouraged, the best thing for him to do is to pack up his troubles in his old kit bag and go to a Y. P. C. U. Convention or rally, and he will leave his troubles behind when he returns home.

Reports given by some of the local Unions are informing, inspiring, and suggestive. All Souls Union in Brooklyn reports that every one of its members is enrolled as a missionary contributor for next year. Think what that means for our home and foreign missionary work when these young people become the backbone of All Souls Church, as they will in the course of the years.

Cooperstown, a Union composed largely of high school people, is contributing $50 a year to the parish treasury, and Cortland, with only fifteen members, is giving $60.

A delegate from Oneonta said, "We have been without a minister for three years, and the only reason the church has been kept open is the Y. P. C. U."

These are samples of the kinds of reports that were given, which speak not only for the admirable work of the past year, but of better things in store.

The Convention took for its slogan, "Definite Aims Get Definite Results," and proceeded to set certain definite aims for its work during the year. First and most important of all, it will seek five recruits for the ministry and mission fields; it has set a goal of 600 members in the Senior Union in place of the 454 it has at present; a more than three-fold increase in missionary contributions was voted, and nearly a one hundred per cent increase in *Onward* subscriptions.

This policy of definite aims is gaining very general acceptance in the Y. P. C. U., as it has under other names in the Church. The first time that we ever did a really big thing, financially, at all commensurate with our ability, was when we began the "Million Dollar Drive." If we had said, "Let us raise as much money as we can," we might have collected fifty thousand dollars, and would have thought that was all we could raise, and been satisfied. If we had said at the Baltimore Convention, "Let us get as many new members for the Church as we can," we would probably have reported the usual two or three thousand accessions a year. But we set a definite goal in the Murray Crusade, and while we did not attain it, we went a long way toward it, and are now going ahead to finish the task. Definite aims get definite results, and larger ones.

* *

THE APPEAL OF THE MINISTRY

At the opening meeting of the New York Y. P. C. U. Convention, two of the students from Canton Theological School, a first year and a fourth year man, gave brief addresses on "Why I Chose the Ministry." Their remarks are illuminating to those who are interested in securing other recruits. Andy M. Nicoll said, in substance, "I decided I could do more good in that line than in anything else." H. Elmer Peters spoke of the consecration service held during the Y. P. C. U. National Convention in New Haven in 1916 as that which first turned his thoughts to the ministry, which he decided to enter after he had answered affirmatively these three questions: Does the work appeal to you? Is it financially worth while? Is it of benefit to humanity? In speaking about the last question, he remarked that this is the all-important issue in deciding on any form of life work, and he chose the ministry because it ministers to all classes, to the well as much as to the sick, to those who are happy and prosperous as much as to those who are in difficulties of any sort.

These words from to-morrow's ministers should guide the Church in seeking other recruits for this service and leadership.

In the first place, we may be sure that it will appeal to many young men and women, even to some that at first thought we would never consider. We must never make the mistake of taking it for granted that the ministry will not appeal to certain individuals, for we look only on the outward appearance, and most young people are unconscious adepts at the art of spiritual camouflage. The motives that determine life do not often appear on the surface.

In the second place we must make sure that the ministry is placed on such a financial basis that no young man or woman will fear loss of self-respect because of a lack of money. This does not mean that the salary is the chief consideration, or even one of the most important ones. We can never recruit the ministry by competitive bidding against other professions, any more than the A. E. F. could have been recruited in that way. But we must make sure that no minister who is able to do his work acceptably has less than a living salary. And this applies not only to the size of the salary promised, but also to the promptness with which it is paid. The State or General Conventions should inaugurate a campaign of education for the training of parishes in the right methods of finance.

Lastly, we must make the appeal big enough to challenge the right kind of young people. The decisive factor with both these young men was the fact that the ministry seemed to them the best way in which they could serve humanity, and do the most good in the world. Financial matters were very secondary. It was the appeal of the altruistic, an element which exists in young people everywhere, however concealed it may be. We must dare to appeal to this, and there will not fail those who will answer. It must be an appeal for a large service. Young men and women see visions; they are not afraid of that which is high. And we must not be afraid to call on them to serve humanity, the whole world, and to establish the kingdom of God. It was a youth of Galilee in the long ago who made the Kingdom of God a dream for practical realization. The youth of to-day in the Universalist Church will likewise dream and dare and do if the same high ideal is presented to them as a challenge for the enlistment of life.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, Nov. 29.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

If we wish to lead a satisfying existence and if we wish to have a right to be named among the morally great, let us develop and strengthen our own characters. Let us have that power over our wills which has made a few men masters of the world.

Victor Charbonnel.

"Blest is the man of high ideals,
Who fails to-day, to-morrow, and for days to come,
But never lowers his standard nor surrenders to defeat,
Till hand and foot, till eye and ear,
Till vocal chord and tongue,
Till mind and heart are disciplined
And all abilities of body and of soul
Are marshaled by the will
And move onward to the drumbeat of perfection."

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 185 West Ninth Ave., Columbus, Ohio

THE BURDENS OF JAPAN

The following impersonation, written by Rev. Maude Lyon Cary, will be found especially helpful in presenting the material under the topic "The Burdens of Japan" in "The Kingdom and the Nations," the current mission study text-book.

Japan (person wearing kimona) enters, bent beneath her burdens—toy gun and toy warship, a placard giving statistics of factory workers, two packages labeled "Economic Conflict" and "Demokrashi," a thin black veil over her head and face, and her arms bound to her sides by a bandage. As leader mentions each burden she lifts it from Japan's back, who gradually straightens until she stands erect.

Leader: Lo, here comes one beneath a weight of woe,
Sister, who are you? What has laid you low?
Japan: Ai, Ai, Japan am I,
My burdens are many. To lift them I try.
Like others before me, I reap what I've sowed—
I've planted success, but I bend 'neath my load.
Leader: Poor little sister, what burden is this?
Guns and a war-ship! How heavy it is!
Japan: Ai, 'tis my heaviest, which I'm proud to possess,
But the cost and the hardship, you never could guess!
'Tis militarism, my navy and army,
To keep in abeyance a world that would harm me.
Leader: You bear not alone this great burden of arms,
In America also its menace alarms.
Ninety-six cents in each dollar our government spends
Goes for army and navy and war's cruel ends.
'Tis our heaviest burden and cripples us sore.
I know in Japan that you spend even more.
Why need *you* submit to this weightiest woe?
Japan: My position of leadership forces me to.
I must lead the Orient, and protect from aggression
Of the nations of Europe that desire its possession.
I've driven them out, Russia, Germany, all,
And I have to stand guard like a militant wall.
Leader: But your students, your people, can not bear this oppression,
What care they for conquest or pride of possession?
They long to be free from your army that rules,
But your army's in power, your statesmen its tools.
Japan: Our Mikado's divine and we worship him still,
But the army can bend even him to its will.
Leader: In Shantung and Korea your army's disgraced you,
From the world's admiration its deeds have effaced you.
Japan: That's part of this burden, the hardest to bear.
Leader: But what is this placard it irks you to wear?
Japan: The weight of my industries begun before the war
And grown like great mushrooms e'er the conflict was o'er.
Leader: Your women and girls are but grist for this mill
That in a few years the strongest may kill.
They work in close factories, twelve hours a day,
In loathesome conditions, for almost no pay.
Japan: 'Tis one of my burdens and this other, too,
The economic conflict that needs must ensue.
Leader: You mean that the owners great fortunes acquire,
While the mass of your people live in poverty dire.
But what is this burden, "Demokrashi?"
Japan: 'Tis self-rule by the people, the will of the free.
Leader: Your sons have beheld it and wish to attain,
But your imperial government shows its disdain.
It has spread from America to nearly all lands.
You've watched its success and you fear its demands.
Some of your leaders are banded, you know,
To win votes for your people. *Watch Democracy grow!*
Japan: Ai, that's a burden, and where shall I turn?
Veiled, and bewildered, no path I discern.
Strong, young and powerful, I've leaped from my past,
With the four leading nations my lot I have cast.
But my ideal was Germany, and Germany's lost!
Surely might *must* be right, whatever the cost.
Still might, unavailing, is low in the dust.
I'm groping for guidance, and find it I *must.*
Leader: But why are you bound with these burdening bands?
Japan: My land is too small and expansion demands.
I've too many people to win living at home.
I *must* take possessions! My people *must* roam!

(To be continued.)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston. Mass.

FOR BETTER OPENING SERVICES

The Universalist Sabbath School Union of Boston has undertaken for its members a work of large importance and usefulness. Its president, Mr. Victor A. Friend, and those who are associated with him, believe that ordinarily the use made of the twenty-minute opening service is not the best possible. Accordingly Miss Marjorie Sprague Goodwin and Miss Anne Elizabeth Kirtland have arranged special programs for all Sundays of the church year up to June 25. For each service there is an object clearly stated, followed by suggestions and a list of appropriate hymns. In many cases literary references are given.

The December programs are as follows: Dec. 4, Father's Day; Dec. 11, Universalism; Dec. 18, Near East; Dec. 25, Christmas.

We have a limited number of copies of this excellent work that we can supply to those interested. The Sabbath School Union is to be congratulated on its vision and its accomplishment.

* *

FINE FOR JOLIET

The Sunday school at Joliet, Ill., quietly announces that it has secured the services of Miss Georgia Chamberlin, of the University of Chicago Institute of Sacred Literature, to take charge of a Teacher Training class which will meet in the church parlors every Thursday afternoon. This means more than appears on the surface. It is fine that the teachers at Joliet are to have the privilege of learning from this most gifted teacher—for Miss Chamberlin is accorded a first place among American educators. It is finer that our Sunday schools, with a new optimism and vigor, are daring to ask the best and to incur expense that a few years ago would have shocked even the bravest.

* *

SUNDAY SCHOOL STATIONERY

The up-and-stirring Sunday school at Muncie has its own note-heads and envelopes, both showing a cut of the school banner. We have some samples for those who wish to "see how it is done."

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MISS KIRK'S SALARY

The General Sunday School Association has made a legal agreement to pay to the Women's Missionary Association for Miss Kirk's salary an amount considerably larger than that previously contributed by the Sunday schools. Of course the schools will support this action. It is not possible just yet to announce details of the plans for securing the money, but they are being made. Henceforth there will be strong emphasis on the educational values of this missionary giving.

Among Our Churches

Maine Letter

Oxford Association.—The Oxford Association met in the Auburn church Nov. 9-10. There was a real spirit of enthusiasm. The program centered upon Sunday school work. * * **Y. P. C. U.**—The first eastern "Pep Banquet" was held in Bangor, Nov. 11. Sixty enthusiastic Unioners, representing six Unions, gathered round the tables. The western "Pep Banquet" was held in Lewiston, Nov. 18. While not so many attended as last year, there was the same spirit of enthusiasm and the program was equal to the one of a year ago. * * **A Week of Institutes.**—In order to bring the State Convention and auxiliary departments nearer to the local churches, and to enable the churches to come in personal contact with the best workers in the various departments, a series of institutes have been planned, practically covering the state. They will be held, unless some change is made, at South Paris, Dec. 12; Livermore Falls, Dec. 13; Brunswick, Dec. 14; Augusta, Dec. 15; and Dover and Foxcroft, Dec. 16. All the churches in the surrounding territories are asked to send as many people to the institutes as possible. The program, briefly, is as follows: Sunday school in the morning; Ladies' Aid and Mission Circle in the afternoon until 4; Y. P. C. U. from 4 to 5.30; and Comrades in the evening. * * **Fairfield.**—After being dormant for two years, this church is ready to call a minister, and pay a good salary to the right man. The Ladies' Aid has been reorganized and a sale is planned for early in December. * * **Augusta.**—Sixty-one have united with the church this year. The Sunday school is showing marked improvement. All Souls' Sunday was appropriately observed as well as Armistice Sunday. Everything promises well for a splendid year. * * **Kingfield.**—The second season of the Coit-Abner Lyceum entertainments has begun. This church is bringing wholesome entertainment to the community as a part of its mission. All departments are steadily growing. * * **Hallowell.**—Under the pastorate of the Rev. Mary L. Hadley, the church has been steadily advancing. * * **Rockland.**—A new Y. P. C. U. has recently been organized. The Chapin Class in the Sunday school gave a play which netted $400. Three members of the church attended the Convention. The church also sent the pastor, paying his expenses. * * **Dover and Foxcroft.**—The church is steadily gaining ground. The Rev. J. Frank Thompson has just finished preaching a series of sermons on the five articles of faith which have attracted unusual attention. * * **Turner Center.**—During the summer and fall the parsonage has been extensively repaired. Most of the work has been paid for by the Ladies' Aid. "This organization," the pastor, the Rev. Grant Van Blarcom, writes, "has been faithfully working for the church for seventy-five years. * * **Gardiner.**—The Y. P. C. U. is raising funds to install electric power for the organ. The Sunday school has been making splendid gains this fall.

Milo G. Folsom.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Dec. 13. Conference of Post Office Mission and Cheerful Letter workers under the auspices of W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts. Universalist Publishing House. Morning session, 10 o'clock. P. O. Mission. Afternoon session, 2 o'clock. Cheerful Letter.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Previously reported	4,668
Christian Hill, N. C.	4
Tsal	4,672

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 1,122. Mitchellville, 2. Total, 1,124.

California

Riverside.—Rev. W. C. Selleck, D. D., pastor. The work in Riverside goes on quietly, steadily and with reasonable efficiency. A vacation of only one month was taken in midsummer, during which additional repairs and improvements on the church property were made, at a cost of about $100. The congregations this fall have been slightly better than a year ago. The church school, revived in May, 1920, now enrolls about forty members, besides All Souls Forum Class (of adults), meeting in the auditorium at the same hour, which has an average attendance of twenty, with as many more who receive the lessons by mail. This class, conducted by Mr. Martineau Selleck, is studying Contemporary Healing Philosophies, and its influence is constantly deepening and extending. A recent event in the parish was a reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Selleck to their parishioners and friends, on the evening of Oct. 27, to mark the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of the young minister and his bride! It was a very happy affair. On Thanksgiving Day a considerable number of the families of the church dined together in the chapel, having as guests some of the Unitarian friends from Redlands. The women of the church are busy preparing for the annual bazar to be held early in December. Dr. Selleck is engaged in writing a series of important lectures on Christian history to be delivered on Sunday evenings, commencing Jan. 1.

Illinois

Elgin.—Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor. On Nov. 22, 307 Universalists gathered in the Baptist church, where the ladies of that church served us a supper as a welcome to the 101 new members we acquired during the crusade. Our gain of 38 per cent in membership made our own hall too small for our purpose. Following the supper, Dr. Adams gave a brief address of welcome to the 101 who, as guests of honor, were seated at two long tables at the front of the hall. Responses were made by a member of each of the thirteen classes that joined our church during the crusade. Addresses were also given by Dr. L. B. Fisher, Dr. Tilden, Judge Galer and Rev. James Vallentyne of the Oak Park church.

Iowa

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto S. Raspe, pastor. Rev. Luther Riley Robinson, Mid-West Superintendent, officially visited the reorganized church of Waterloo, and services were held morning and evening, at which Mr. Robinson gave stirring messages before large congregations. The morning congregation was one of the largest since this church was reorganized last December. Mr. Robinson expressed much enthusiasm over the accomplishments during the ten months in which the present pastorate has been in force. During the last ten months a Sunday school has been organized with forty-eight on the enrollment, forty-two of whom were present Sunday morning. A Men's Noon-day Forum has also been organized as an objective of our new Chapter of Comrades. Mr. Robinson addressed the men at noon. A Clara Barton Guild of eighteen young women has been set to work and is meeting with success. A woman's Bible class meets each Sunday and is a real asset to our school. The local press gladly publishes reports of the sermons of the pastor.

Massachusetts

Lawrence.—Rev. C. G. Robbins, D. D., pastor. The annual church roll call was held Oct. 5 with about 150 members present. On Rally Day a large congregation listened to a fine sermon by the pastor. The Merrimack Valley Conference met here in October with a fine program. Rev. A. W. Jefferson, D. D., of the Free Baptist Church gave the morning sermon on "Christian Fundamentals." The afternoon addresses were "The Law of Christ," by Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., of Lynn, and "The Triumph of Christ," by Rev. U. S. Milburn of Salem. Dr. and Mrs. Robbins attended the General Con-

vention and we were given a splendid report of it the following Sunday. Rev. Charles Legal of Georgetown supplied the pulpit on Convention Sunday. The rummage sale held by the Florentia Club netted $706. This Club also had charge of the tea room at the annual bakery sale for the benefit of the Lawrence General Hospital and cleared about $136. The Men's Club, at its first meeting this fall had as speaker Ex-Mayor Kane, who told some "Court Room Episodes," and at the last meeting, Dr. Charles Burgess, a club member and an X-ray expert, gave an illustrated talk on his work. The first vesper service was as largely attended as usual. The pastor is telling the following stories: "The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France," Van Dyke; "Beyond the Desert," Alfred Noyes; "The Bells of St. John's," Richmond; "A Remembered Dream," Van Dyke; "The True Story of John Dey," "Three Fair Wishes," Connelly. Music for these services is being furnished by the Schubert Male Quartet. The Y. P. C. U. and Florentia Club have each pledged $6 per month and the Mission Circle $3 a month for the Near East Relief. This is to go toward the education of boys in a school in Turkey where Henry Murphy, one of our own young men, is located. The Mission Circle is studying "The Kingdom and the Nations" with Rev. A. Gertrude Earle as teacher. Dr. Robbins took part recently in the installation of Rev. Mr. Bowden, as pastor of the Unitarian church.

Marlboro.—Rev. Paul H. Drake, pastor. We have departed from the ranks of pastorless churches by extending a call to Mr. Drake, who began his pastorate Nov. 20. Since the opening of the church, September, 1920, the pulpit has been supplied from the office of the State Superintendent and has been occupied by many of the leaders of our faith. Attendance has steadily increased, and the Sunday school has been reorganized under the efficient direction of Helen W. Rice of North Cambridge. It sent one of its teachers to Northfield last July. The social activities opened with a basket social in September, and in October a successful and well-attained Hallowe'en party was given.

Haverhill.—Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., pastor. An organ recital of high character was given Sunday evening, Nov. 27, by Alexandre Roger, organist and musical director of the church, assisted by Ralph A. Gould, tenor. The opening meeting of the Men's Club was a decided success. Attendance was good, the supper excellent, and the address calculated to stir men to deeper thinking upon the perplexing problems of our industrial community.

Gardner.—Rev. Clifford D. Newton, pastor. The parish has recently completed a modern vestry, with dining-room and kitchen. Edgar Hobby, Fred Coleman and Mrs. Harry Carson were on the building committee. Roy Negur, who supervises the erection of buildings at Gardner State Colony, served gratuitously as architect. On Nov. 9 the annual fair was held, and in spite of a severe storm was a great success. Mr. Newton preached the Thanksgiving sermon in the Baptist church before a large congregation.

Fitchburg.—Rev. F. W. Gibbs, pastor. The annual fair was a great success. A unique and clever verse advertising the fair, by F. D. Page, was published in the local paper, the first part of which went as follows:

"The Church Fair is a Pleasant Function,
Because it's a kind of Human Junction,
Where one meets his Friends on the Square
And readily drops all the cash he can spare."

Brockton.—Rev. George W. Scudder, pastor. The food tent at the Brockton Fair run by the parish netted over $500. Reports at the annual parish meeting, Oct. 11, showed a successful year with good prospects for the year ahead. The Lotus Quartet gave a concert Nov. 1, under the auspices of the Ladies' Social Circle, which was a success both socially and financially. All the organizations are now working for a Christmas sale, Dec. 14-15. Evening services are being held, the first a vesper concert, by the Myrtle Jordan Trio. During the winter there will be a Sunday night community sing with D. R. Craft as song leader, followed by a stereopticon lecture by the pastor. These meetings are proving popular, drawing large congregations. Thanksgiving dinners were sent to seven needy families. Three delegates attended the state Y. P. C. U. Convention at Springfield. Mr. Scudder has been elected secretary of the Brockton and Vicinity Ministers' Union. He preached the sermon at the Union Thanksgiving service of the down-town churches.

* *

BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

The Universalist Club will hold a meeting and dinner at 6 p. m., Monday evening, Dec. 12, at Hotel Bellevue, Boston. The Club is fortunate in securing as speaker Dr. Charles Fleischer, who will give an address on "The Spirit of the Age."

New members are coming in at every meeting. If you are not a member write to V. A. Sears, secretary, 53 State Street, Boston, for information. Start the new year by becoming a member.

President Thomson was the guest of the Baptist Social Union at their December meeting, Dec. 5, at Ford Hall.

* *

MURRAY GROVE

To Universalists Everywhere:

The appeal for funds with which to defray the indebtedness incurred in making the improvements at Murray Grove brought generous response from many of our loyal people. After the close of the summer activities and a general accounting of all receipts, there is still about $5,000 to be raised, to free the institution entirely from debt.

The names of all the donors have been carefully recorded in a beautiful Year Book just published by the Murray Grove Association which will be sent to any one upon request. The Year Book also contains some fine photographs of the new building and grounds which all interested should have.

The birthplace of Universalism is fast becoming all that might be desired as a Mecca for those whose love for our faith makes the responsibility for its future a pleasant burden. Come to this hallowed spot and receive the inspiration which its sacred traditions hold. Learn to know of the noble work being done here for the advancement of our Church. Live for yourself the dramatic experiences of John Murray in the very places where they were enacted.

We ask contributions large or small to place this hallowed spot in the hands of the Universalist Church free of all debt.

Send remittances to Rev. Roger F. Etz, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., or to Walter Gabell, 6600 N. 13th St., Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

CHARLESTOWN MASS MEETING

The next Mass Meeting of Universalists will be held in the Charlestown church on Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7.30 p. m.

Rev. Clarence R. Skinner will be the speaker. Music will be provided by Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing, violinist, Miss Sybil Bingham, vocalist, and Mr. G. Wallace Woodworth, organist.

Rev. Isaac Smith will conduct the devotions, and Mr. Victor A. Friend, vice-president of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, will preside.

The organ recital and community sing will feature the opening service. All Greater Boston Universalists are urged to attend this service.

* *

Notices

GOSPEL HYMNS WANTED

The Chapin Home asks for fifty or more copies of Gospel Hymns No. 1, 2 and 3 to be given by any society which may have them and does not use them. Many of the aged here can remember those hymns and love to sing them. Address the Chapin Home, Jamaica, N. Y.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Horatio G. Mann, who was dropped from fellowship upon entering secular business, has been reinstated and issued transfer to the General Convention, but that committee rules that he should be transferred to New York, as he is now living there, so we have therefore thus transferred him.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

* *

ONTARIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Ontario Fellowship Committee has granted transfers to Revs. Leon P. Jones and Martha G. Jones to the North Carolina Convention.

Esther Longland, Secretary.

* *

WANTED—1918 REPORT

The Secretary of the General Convention very much desires to secure a copy of the 53d Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention published in 1918. Any person having a copy of this report and not desiring it for filing would confer a great favor by sending it to Rev. Roger F. Etz., 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED

A parish assistant. Man or woman. Trained Y. M. C. A. or Sunday school executive might be satisfactory. Must know how to organize and direct group activities and be familiar with conditions and problems of a large city. Liberal salary to right person. Address stating experience and giving references. X. care *Universalist Leader.*

* *

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS WANTED

We desire to organize Sunday schools in connection with or independent of existing churches. Where even two or three can be gathered for the purpose of religious education it is possible to have a Sunday school. We are ready to help financially and in every other possible manner Write at once to

The General Sunday School Association,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL YEAR BOOK

By order of the Detroit Convention, the General Convention is to issue a year book which will contain a report of the Convention and matter formerly included in the *Universalist Register.* Blanks for reports are now being prepared and will soon be sent out. Any suggestions as to form and contents of such a year book will be appreciated and considered, if sent to the Secretary of the Convention., Rev. Roger F. Etz, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

POST OFFICE MISSION AND CHEERFUL LETTER DEPARTMENTS: A CONFERENCE

A Conference of Post Office Mission and Cheerful Letter workers will be held at the Universalist Publishing House, 359 Boylston St., Boston, on Tuesday, Dec. 13. All chairmen and members of committees in these departments are cordially invited to attend.

The morning session at 10 o'clock will be devoted to the interests of the Post Office Mission.

The afternoon session at 2 o'clock will be devoted to the consideration of the "Cheerful Letter."

The meetings will be informal, affording opportunity for asking questions and discussing methods.

Circles having no Post Office Mission or Cheerful Letter chairmen are asked to send representatives, who will take back a report of the Conference.

Come and get acquainted with one another, and with the work. *Carol T. Restall, Chairman.*

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*

JOSEPH B. HORTON. *Clerk.*

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* *

Lawyer: "Will $25,000 for breach of promise be punishment enough for him?"

The Aggrieved: "No, I want him to marry me."—*The Owl.*

* *

She: "I hear you bought a book on how to strengthen the will-power."

He: "Yes, but I haven't the will-power to read it through."—*Judge.*

* *

"Wonderful realism in this movie."

"Yes?"

"There's the Coliseum."

"Yes, and there's a section of Los Angeles right behind it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

* *

Secretary Davis says 1,000 Christian Asiatics are fleeing to the United States. Probably they are coming as missionaries. —*Columbia Record.*

* *

Real Estate Agent: "This tobacco plantation is a bargain. I don't see why you hesitate. What are you worrying about?"

Prospective but Inexperienced Purchaser: "I was just wondering whether I should plant cigars or cigarettes."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

"Rastus," said the judge sternly, "you're plain no-account and shiftless, and for this fight I'm going to send you away for a year at hard labor."

"Please, Jedge," interrupted Mrs. Rastus from the rear of the court room, "will yo' Honah jes' kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labor stand."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

A great controversy is going on in the London papers about the classics. Are they necessary? Various opinions have been given, but nothing has been settled. The first thing to be determined is, What is a classic? As near as we can define it, a classic is a book that has stood the test of time; that is, a book that has been agreed upon as having a permanent value, and which, therefore, nobody ever reads, but which is referred to often enough to keep it going as a classic. Certainly the classics are necessary. What would we do without our illusions?—*Life.*

* *

First Barber: "Nasty cut you've given that old gent, Bill."

Second Ditto: "Yes. I'm courtin' his 'ousemaid—that's to let 'er know I can see 'er Tuesday night!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

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